

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



NANNY'S RETINUE IN MANCHESTER.

DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XXVII.—FIVE SHILLINGS IN COPPER.

WITH blanched face and unsteady gait Clough walked back to the Heath House, closely followed—pursued, as it seemed to him—by a knot of men carrying among them a hurdle taken from the railway embankment, upon which was borne the corpse of the man under whose roof he had dwelt for more than twelve months. He felt sick and confused, and from

minute to minute fell into the fancy that he was still lurking behind the gate at the crossing, and saw the engine stealing swiftly upon the absorbed money-seeker. It was even with great difficulty that he could refrain from uttering a shout of warning; yet as soon as his fancy attained that point, there came with it the condemning consciousness that it was too late, and that the guilt of blood rested upon his soul. He went on his way doggedly, not daring to look behind at the burden borne after him; and before long he came upon the print of the old man's foot-

steps left clearly upon the crisp snow. The bearers spoke of them, and pointed out his own, trodden close in their wake. Would any suspicion rise against him? Could the law convict him of murder because he had refrained from warning the dead man of his peril? The solemn procession which he headed reached the Heath House, and set down their ghastly load upon some chairs in the cold, bare kitchen, to remain there until an inquest could be held. Clough caught a loathsome glimpse of the corpse, whose face was awfully expressionless now; but the thin, greedy fingers had stiffened over the piece of gold, and the glitter of it shone within the icy palm. One of the men, a coarse, phlegmatic man, tried to loosen the rigid and unyielding grasp, but the rest interfered, saying the body must remain as it was found until after the inquest. Clough trembled at the mention of the inquest.

Nanny was still up-stairs, for it was yet early, and it was the practice of the household to lie late a-bed in the morning. Clough shouted to her from the foot of the staircase, for he did not dare to mount them, so full of coward fears was he. Nanny answered sleepily from her attic, and he called still louder.

"Nanny," he cried, "we wanten yo' down here. Th' ould maister 's been killed on th' railroad. Dost hear? Th' engine has run over th' maister, and killed him stone dead. Mak' a' th' haste yo' can."

It seemed to Clough as if all the echoes of the empty house were mocking him, and he hurried back to the welcome companionship of the other men, although the dead formed one of them. Before many minutes had passed, Nanny stood in the midst of them, scared and bewildered, looking with terror and pity upon the corpse of her dead master, and asking a multitude of eager questions, which were left to Clough to answer. His story ran that he had heard Mr. Lloyd leave the house, and thinking it later than it was, he had himself started out with the intention of seeking for Trevor's lost half-sovereign before the traffic of the day began; but that upon nearing the crossing he had seen Mr. Lloyd on the spot before him; and at the same instant, before he had time to do more than throw up his arms and shout in warning, the engine was down upon him. Clough's face was still blanched, and his voice shook while speaking; but no suspicion could rest upon him. Before he had quite finished, the village doctor and a policeman arrived, and he had to repeat his tale to them. It was decided, after some consultation, that the house must be secured, and watched from the outside by the policeman until some person in authority could come; and that Nanny should go at once by the earliest train to tell the news to Mr. Lloyd's family, in such a manner as to soften the shock of it to his brother, who was known to be in a feeble state of health. The address of Mark Fletcher was not known, so that they could not telegraph to him. The locking up of the house was considered essential, in consequence of the prevalent report of treasures concealed in it; and it was done with great form and security.

To take a journey, and that a journey to Manchester, was so extraordinary an event in Nanny's history, that it well-nigh banished the thoughts of her master's shocking death; or it may be that these two unprecedented circumstances balanced each other, and preserved something like an equilibrium in her

mind. She arrayed herself in her best clothes, a dark blue print with yellow spots upon it, a black shawl with coloured flowers brodered at the corner, and a tight plain silk bonnet, with a poke long enough to conceal her face from all but a direct view. An umbrella and a large reticule basket, both of which seemed necessary for a journey, completed her equipment. She called at the village shop for a five-shilling packet of coppers, and then proceeded to the station, escorted by the porter, who had aided in carrying up the hurdle and its burden from the crossing, and who hoped to extract some interesting anecdotes of her master. But Nanny's heart was too full for speech. She walked down to the station in silence, and took her seat in the carriage, with an unbending back, and a face of inflexible reserve.

It was noon when Nanny was set down in the busy station at the end of her journey, with a crowd of unfamiliar faces about her. The cabs rattled away from their stand, and the omnibus drivers made incomprehensible signals to her; but she had not come all this way without forming some plan of procedure in her own mind. She would offer sixpence to the first decent poor person she met, and ask them to take her to Lloyd Terrace. With such distress as there was in Lancashire, sixpence would be a boon to hundreds and thousands of starving folks. But Nanny was some time looking in vain for her decent poor person, and at last she had recourse to a boy who was looking out for a parcel to carry.

"Lloyd Terrace where?" asked the boy, contemptuously.

"In Manchester," answered Nanny.

"Ay! Manchester, but where i' Manchester?" he said, "Longsight, or Cheetham, or Pendleton, or Broughton?"

"I don't know," replied Nanny, foreseeing difficulties. "I want to find Mr. Lloyd, of Lloyd Terrace; and if you'll take me there, I'll pay you well."

"How much?" asked the lad.

"Sixpence," said Nanny, in a tone of generosity.

"Not enough," he answered; "there'll be no end of trouble about it. I can't do it under a shilling. What are you going there for? To service, eh?"

There was such an impressive air of superiority and patronage in his manner that Nanny hastened to satisfy his curiosity. The story aroused his interest, and he offered to be her guide for ninepence, an offer which she accepted hesitatingly, upon which he ran off to a policeman for directions, while she stood abashed and timid upon the kerb-stone. When the conference was ended he plunged into the intricacies of the city; and before they had proceeded far Nanny's reticule was opened, and her first penny given out of the five-shillingworth of coppers. As she continued giving as long as her packet held out, she soon gathered a clamorous train of beggars, who accompanied her from street to street, long after she had bestowed her last penny upon them. They grew in numbers as she made her progress, until turning down into one of the main thoroughfares of the city, she entered it breathless, tearful, and heartbroken by the misery of Manchester, and surrounded by a ragged escort of women and children. At this juncture she caught sight of Mark, and fighting her passage through the throng, she rushed to him, and seized upon him frantically.

"Why, Nanny!" he exclaimed, in a wonder-stricken tone.

"The mester has been killed!" cried Nanny, forgetting that she was to break the news gently; "he's been run over by an engine, and I'm come to tell you all."

"Killed!" said Mark, scarcely believing that he heard her rightly amidst the din and noise.

"Yes," she continued, "killed on the railway by an engine. He's lying dead in the kitchen now, waiting for the crowner."

Mark stood motionless for a minute in the tumult of the street, altogether unconscious of it. He had intended to run over to Clunbury for a day or two soon to see Mr. Lloyd, and to try to soften his heart and open his hand towards his brother's family. They were suffering sore privations up at Lloyd Terrace, and Barry was beginning to fail. But this was no place for reflection, and he hailed an omnibus which would pass by Lloyd Terrace. Nanny's guide kept a persistent station at her side.

"Has this had anything to do with you?" he asked.

"He wants ninepence for showing me the way to Lloyd Terrace," said Nanny.

"The young usurer! You can ride all the way for threepence," answered Mark. "And those people, Nanny, are they friends of yours?"

"I've been giving them all the coppers I had," she replied, sobbing—"a five-shilling packet from Mr. Price's, at the shop; but they didn't go very far. I couldn't give them any more, and they've followed me all along the streets."

"You shouldn't have given them a farthing," said Mark.

The words sounded so much like those which Nanny's dead master would have uttered, that Mark caught himself up with something like terror before he had quite finished the sentence. He put Nanny into the omnibus, and took his place beside her, but he did not attempt to hold any further conversation with her. For a minute or two he thought sadly of the dead man, and his sudden end; but before long his reflections took another turn. If Mr. Lloyd was dead, the fortunes of the Lloyds of Lloyd Terrace would undergo an abrupt and complete change. For an instant it occurred to him that Mr. Lloyd's will might not be in their favour, but only for an instant. There was no doubt that the estate would be left to them; but would it be left to Mr. Christopher Lloyd himself, or to his children? If Mr. Christopher Lloyd inherited it, there would be almost certainly a lavish and foolish expenditure of the miser's wealth, for to his natural love of profusion, and carelessness about money, there was now superadded a positive inability to estimate its value, the effect of that slight stroke which had fallen upon both mind and body in his terrible quarrel with his brother. Mark dwelt upon this question with great anxiety. He knew that he was himself the sole executor; for Mr. Lloyd had told him so often, and urged upon him to give up his situation at the bank, if it were possible, for at least a time, in order that he might devote himself to the office of his executorship, having provided a proper equivalent for his forfeited salary. It was purely the practical side of the event at which Mark looked, as he sat in the omnibus, surrounded by men of business, who were unaccustomed to the indulgence of sentimental grief. Mark Fletcher was of so sympathetic a temperament that all outer influences

wrought upon him powerfully; so now he looked solemn but calm, and Nanny grew more composed and collected herself.

The first person with whom they had an interview at Lloyd Terrace was Barry, who had just come in from her morning's work, and who received the intelligence more quietly than any other member of the family would have done. She advised Mark to start off at once for Clunbury, and take possession of the house, as Mr. Lloyd's executor. It was what he had decided upon doing, being anxious to see the will before Mr. Christopher Lloyd went down to his brother's house. He left Barry, therefore, to break the news gently to her father, and, with Nanny for his companion, he set off upon the return journey to Clunbury.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MURDER OR NO MURDER.

MARK found upon his arrival that some few necessary arrangements had been made during the day. The inquest had been appointed for the next morning; and a lawyer's clerk was in waiting at the village inn, having been sent down by a Mr. Appleby, who had made Mr. Lloyd's will, and kept it under his own care. The date was one of nine years back; and Mark felt a deepening of his anxiety respecting it, for nine years ago all was right between David Lloyd and his brother, who was then regarded universally as a shrewd man of business, on the high road to fortune, while the children were mere children, scarcely likely to be appointed heirs to the estate of a careful man like their uncle. Mark broke the seal with eager fingers, and could scarcely restrain a cry of exultation, as his eye ran rapidly over its contents. The whole of the property, with the exception of a small annuity to Nanny, was left to be equally divided among his four nephews and nieces; Barry, his eldest niece, to inherit Clunbury Heath House over and above her fourth of the general estate. As they were to come into possession of their shares as they severally attained their majority, and as Barry and Mab were both over one-and-twenty, they would enter into immediate enjoyment of their changed fortunes. He hurried back to the station to despatch a telegram to Barry, and then he turned his steps towards the Heath House, through those fields, and across the heath by which she had approached her uncle's house when she went to implore his help. Nanny was waiting for him in Trevor's kitchen with the policeman, who would deliver up the key of the house to none but Mr. Lloyd's executor. Mark took it, and unlocked the door, entering at once into the kitchen, where the chill atmosphere of death was blended with the natural cold of the evening air. The chairs stood close together, and upon them rested the hurdle with its ghastly burden, as it had been deposited there in the morning. Mark and Nanny stopped, but only for a moment, to look down upon the familiar features, little changed by death. The injury had been caused by a blow at the back of the head, where the spinal cord is connected with the brain, and there was no apparent bruise, no contortion, no crushed limb. He must have been struck down flat upon the soft snow, and but for that first blow, causing instantaneous death, as he stooped to pick up the coin so fatally sought, the engine would have passed over him without inflicting any hurt. Mark and Nanny passed on into the sitting-room, and he, shivering with cold, bade her light a fire there,

though Lady-day was come and gone. In this simple command, Nanny felt the full force of the change that had come so suddenly; and sitting down upon the floor before the empty grate, she wept the first, and almost the only, tears which were shed over the miser's death.

All the day, a day of intolerable length for him, Clough had been sitting moodily by the mole-catcher's fire, speaking only in surly and morose answers to the people, who flocked there for the details of the accident, the rumour of which had run like wildfire through the country. Speculation had been rife some years past as to the extent of Mr. Lloyd's wealth, and the final destination of it. During the whole of the day visitors came to the usually deserted courtyard, to look up curiously at the crazy casements and shattered windows, and to interrogate the policeman, who kept guard upon the premises. Trevor's kitchen was thronged, but Clough would say nothing to gratify curiosity. He scarcely knew even that strangers were coming and going constantly, though they tormented him as a buzzing swarm of flies torments some harassed and wounded creature. Hour after hour he was going through the occurrences of the early morning—hearing Mr. Lloyd's step, getting up and watching him wrap himself up in his brown overcoat, hesitating whether to follow, or to snatch a stolen glance at the treasure—oh! if he had but chosen the latter!—tracking him cautiously across the heath, and then going over and over again the argument he had held with himself whether he would, or would not, save him from approaching death. He had not saved him, and there was a cry, a smothered, secret cry of murder in his heart. Murder! It could not surely be that, for he had not so much as lifted a finger towards doing the guilty deed. No judge or jury in England could convict him of murder, even if they knew how he had lurked silently by, while danger, and death with it, swooped down upon its unconscious prey. He opened his dictionary at random, and the page, one near the middle of the book, bore the words murder and murderer. Mechanically he read the long list of quotations arranged under them, still repeating to his own heart the two-fold cry of "Murder," and "No murder." The day appeared interminable; and the dropping of the melted snow from the eaves sounded incessantly in his ears like the slow drop-dropping of blood upon the stone pavement of the kitchen, where the dead man lay, stiff and rigid, as he had seen him laid there in the morning. Once Clough dragged his heavy and reluctant feet to the low casement of the kitchen window, and peered through its dim, green panes, to make sure that he was not in some horrible dream; but there it was stretched, the lifeless but accusing corpse, which owed death to him—an awful debt. Long as the day felt, when the dusk began to deepen, he wished that it could continue day, for in the darkness the ghostly terror grew greater. He recalled, with unutterable longing, the old, wholesome life of labour in Manchester, when he and his comrades, honest, hardworking men, would have laughed to scorn these sickly and girlish fears. It seemed to him that if he could only pace the old familiar streets again, and live in the shadow of the old mill-walls, even if the machinery within was silent, and the chambers deserted, he should be able then—and only then—to shake off the sense of guilt. As soon as the inquest was over, at which his presence and evidence were necessary, he would set off

on the tramp home again to seek the peace of conscience he had lost.

The inquest was held the next morning, and Clough told his story again, with stereotyped fluency, before the coroner; the driver of the engine corroborating his statement that he had shouted, and tried to warn Mr. Lloyd of his danger, just as the engine passed by. No suspicion fell upon him, and his still scared and terrified manner was ascribed to the shock his nerves had suffered in witnessing the violent death of his benefactor, an epithet bestowed by the coroner upon the late Mr. Lloyd. The verdict returned was one of "accidental death;" and the judicial inquest being ended, the corpse and its burial was left to the charge of the deceased man's friends.

When he was left to himself, and the strangers who had formed the jury had quitted the house, Mark realised more fully the actual change which had come with Mr. Lloyd's death. He turned back across the courtyard, where he had been to see the last of the intruders take his departure, and entered the kitchen, the pavement of which was marked by many footsteps. The village carpenter was already taking the measurement for the coffin, with business-like alacrity, and with a wooden face which spoke of no emotion towards the corpse he touched. Mark stood for some minutes after he was gone, gazing at the dead, cold face, with tears smarting under his eyelids, and an awful sense of oppression upon his spirit. If prayer could have availed anything, he would have opened the kingdom of heaven by violence for the admission of the self-slain spirit; but no force or might or resolution of his could alter by one jot or one tittle its doom of condemnation. If he had possessed the whole world he would have given it in exchange for this one soul, gone down to the grave in all the folly and madness of covetousness. But the miser's soul had been his own, to do what he would with it; and Mark was turning away, with almost a despairing sadness, when a palsied hand was laid upon his arm, and he saw the shaking head and blinking eyes of the old mole-catcher at his side.

"Mr. Mark," he said, "that lost half-sovereign were mine, it were. I lost it on the line, and told the mester, and he went to search after it. That were how he come by 's death. See thee how he grips at it. Dunnot thee, nor nobody else, go to wrench it out of 's fingers. It's mine, but I wouldn't go to take it off him now, not for all 's bags of gold. Let him carry it down to 's grave with him. Only if thee'll let me have my son's watch, I'll pay the ten shillings honest, as soon as I can scrape it together."

"You shall have it, Trevor," answered Mark, who had heard the old man's story at the inquest, where he had persisted upon narrating his interview with Mr. Lloyd the night before his death, "and the money shall stay in his hand, as you wish; but we will not take any more in its place from you. Do you know where Clough is?"

"Gone," said Trevor—"started back to Manchester, he says. He's shook so, he says, he can't abide to stay anywhere nigh the old mester, or the old house. There's a curse upon it, he says, and every body as comes into it; so he started off as soon as he got loose from the crowner, with his dictionary and a bundle. He were going to search after the lost money, as well as the mester, he says. But it's strange, it's main strange."

"Clough gone," said Mark, absently; "ah, well!

there was no need for him to stay, and if it has been so great a shock to him, it will do him no harm to get back to his old work. I'll see after your son's watch, Trevor."

There was a good deal to be done still. Mr. Appleby, the lawyer, had come down from Thornbury to make Mark acquainted with all that he knew of Mr. Lloyd's affairs; and Mark discovered, to his surprise, that he had been trusted only with a portion of them. From the rough estimate they could make at the moment, there would be no less than eight or nine thousand a-piece for Christopher Lloyd's children. In his most lavish calculation of Mr. Lloyd's wealth, Mark had never reckoned upon more than £20,000; but he had not counted upon the rigid parsimony which had tended to the speedy multiplication of his riches. Eight thousand pounds each for Barry and Mab, in immediate and full possession! How could he, except when that terrible corpse, clutching greedily and rigidly the coin, was before his eyes—how could he help but rejoice?

The Heath House was Barry's now; and Mark, sitting alone over the fire, dreamed many dreams about it, mingling the past with the future, and in spite of all his thorough and unselfish gladness for the poverty-stricken family so suddenly endowed with wealth, feeling an under-current of sadness for himself, and for those who were gone away for ever from the old house. Suppose Ellen had lived, and been his wife, and young children had climbed upon their grandfather's knees, rifling his pockets with their tiny fingers, would they have thus driven away the cunning demon, who gained the mastery over the feeble nature which had fought single-handed against his wiles? Would they have won Mrs. Lloyd from her sweet but unhealthy reveries, and kept her heart alive to the lawful interests of this stage of existence? How different all the circumstances and events of his own life would have been! And now Barry would come and take possession of the mouldering time-stained dwelling, and beautify it in all senses; filling it with her sweet, wholesome, busy, womanly presence, making it what every dwelling should be, a fair and happy home, where God was honoured, and man was loved—but not a home for him! That night Mark could not have told even his own heart, whether more of joy or sadness possessed it.

THE FREE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF BOSTON.

Boston, the intellectual centre of the United States, owes its eminence in that respect not a little to its public schools. The zeal which the Puritan founders of New England devoted to the instruction of their little colony, making that, as it were, the cornerstone of the new state, has been followed up by successive improvements and continued assiduity, until in our own time the public schools of Boston have become the model schools of America. They are the peculiar care and the peculiar pride of the citizens; large sums are liberally expended upon their material comfort and their thoroughness of instruction; and so highly are they considered, that even among the most fastidious they are usually preferred to the more select private schools, in which the main advantages consist in their limited numbers and their more wealthy patronage.

He who visits Boston for the first time, and wanders through its crooked, old-fashioned streets,

will not fail to observe here and there certain large, square, neat brick buildings, four or five storeys high, enclosed within high iron railings, preceded by a paved court, and having a peculiar look of neatness and airiness, often in contrast with the houses on either side of them. They are as massive and almost as imposing as the London club-houses, only without their appearance of luxury; and the foreigner is apt to conjecture that they are public buildings of greater note than school-houses. He is not long in discovering his error: for as he stands admiring their comfortable and spacious appearance, the children come rushing pell-mell out of the doors, chattering and laughing, their green satchels swung carelessly over their shoulders, their lunch baskets in their hands, or, mayhap, their books held together by a single strap—now stopping for a game of "marbles" or "tops" in the court, now hastening homeward with their boon companions—forgetful, already, of their school tasks, and merrily uproarious as they recover the freedom of the outer air.

If our foreign visitor be, as all travellers should be, curious to look into everything characteristic of the land in which he is sojourning, he is free to enter one of these public schools, and to observe not only its material conveniences, but as well the method of instruction which is pursued. He enters the court, and one of the boys politely conducts him to the head teacher, or "principal" of the school, who instructs the most advanced classes under his care. The principal is doubtless one of those enthusiasts in his profession who thinks it a high compliment for a foreigner to be interested in his little kingdom, who seizes the opportunity to lead him into every nook and corner of the building, and to explain everything with painstaking minuteness. The visitor finds the school-house as airy and comfortable inside as its exterior promised; the stairs are broad, though worn by the continuous pattering up and down of the many youthful feet; the walls are clean and white-washed; the windows broad and bright. Beside the door of each of the rooms (for the public schools contain ten or twelve spacious school-rooms, each capable of receiving some seventy or eighty scholars) you observe a long treble line of hooks for the hats and cloaks; each is numbered, and each child has his own hook. On entering the school-room, you see a long, narrow platform, extending quite across one of the four sides; at either end is a teacher's desk—for each room is provided with two teachers. The body of the room is filled with the desks of the scholars. These desks are small, square, neatly varnished, and instead of having lids are supplied with an aperture (like that in a table from which a drawer has been removed) for the books and slates of the occupant. Each desk has an inkstand and a place for pens and pencils. The seats are small round stools, with plain backs, and both desk and chair are screwed to the floor. Each room is divided into two divisions or classes, over which the two teachers preside. Around the three sides not occupied by the teachers' platforms, behind and at the sides of the scholars, are ranged benches for recitation purposes; and there is another range for the same object immediately in front of the platform. As it would produce confusion if two classes were reciting at the same time at either end of the room, there is a small recitation hall at one side, occupied alternately by the teachers with their classes, and provided with all the necessary appliances for in-

struction. In the larger hall the walls are hung with maps, historical charts, and black-boards; and one of the favourite exercises of the scholars is to draw maps upon the black-boards with variously-coloured chalks, indicating rivers, boundaries, and so on by the different tints.

The school-houses are so built as to give every proper comfort to the children. Each building is supplied with two large furnaces, from which pipes conduct the heat into the larger halls; the smaller recitation-rooms are provided with stoves. The corridors are not warmed; but the large rooms are abundantly supplied with heat from the furnaces, and on the coldest days of the bleak New England winter—with its freezing east winds, its driving, many-day snowstorms, and thick window ice-coatings—the school-room is entirely comfortable. Equally adapted are they to comfort through the summer heats: high-studded, well ventilated, supplied, each room, with eight large windows, and carefully situated in healthy localities, the scholars find it an absolute relief to get from the dust and heat of the streets into the school-house. Adopting as guiding principles the two maxims that "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and "Order is Heaven's first law," the managers of the public schools endeavour to inculcate them by example. The cleanliness and the order observable in these buildings is grateful to the eye; by accustoming the scholars to neatness and to regular habit by the surroundings of their school life, and the discipline in little things to which they are subjected there, a most important foundation is laid for a worthy life. The scholar, on reaching school, finds everything in its place; sees order everywhere; goes into a thoroughly clean room, and becomes habituated to these virtues from constant acquaintance with them. Throughout the day he is coming in contact with the principles of order and neatness; if he neglects to put his books in their proper place, he is subjected to a reprimand; if he is observed to be careless in his person, he is sent to the wash-room or to his home to put himself in proper trim.

The Boston public schools are all free. The city is divided into a certain number of school districts, and the inhabitants of those districts, irrespective of race, colour, creed, or social position, are entitled to send their children to the schools. Thus it is that poor children and rich, Irish, American, and negro, are often found in the same school, and side by side in the same room. The only items of expense to the parents are in the purchase of books, and in dressing the children neatly—for it is a stringent rule that the children must come to school clean, and neatly dressed. Many a poor Irish labourer, and coloured men, still labouring under more or less social disadvantage, even in New England, see their children acquiring, with their education, neat, orderly, proper habits. The association of the youthful poor with the children of well-to-do and educated parents cannot but elevate them, while they, leaving their own home influences at the school door, communicate usually no evil example to their more fortunate mates. The policy of a compulsory education has long been, and is still, a subject of vivacious discussion in New England. In case of the adoption of such a system, it seems probable that it would have its greatest effects among the lowest classes. The low Irish and Americans often have a very stupid prejudice against education, and prefer that

their children should grow up in filthy streets, bred either in idleness or in cruelly hard work, than that they should become intelligent citizens. Still, many of them, on the other hand, eagerly grasp the opportunity presented by the unrestricted and gratuitous admission into the public schools, where the teachers are bound to treat all children alike, and to award punishments and rewards to the deserving, whatever their social rank. The effect of this democracy of education is by no means so unfavourable as many who have not witnessed it would imagine. The vulgarly brought up boy or girl is, as I have said, bettered by his association with well-bred children, in nine cases out of ten; the scholar, in most cases, is inspired to emulate the good breeding which he finds in his companions: he finds all the rewards, the approbation of his teachers, to be for those who conduct themselves well; and almost every poor man's child seems to have some inkling of his condition, and some ambition to get higher up: the sphere of the school, so carefully produced, has its effect on all except the few who are thoroughly vicious. Children of educated parents, on the other hand, seem to suffer little harm from their contiguity with the youth of the lower orders; the same sphere, the same approbation which invites the latter to elevate themselves, preserves the former from contamination. At all events, the results of the system, as tried for many years, prove the truth of what has been said. The most enlightened scholars and the most elegant gentlemen in Boston society are graduates of the public schools; and many a man of wealth and position, born of humble, and not seldom of emigrant, parents, traces his successful career as citizen and man of business from the training which he received in those establishments. English travellers have so often testified to the refinement and intellectual superiority of Boston society, as compared with other parts of America, that it is needless to do more than call attention to it here, as in a large degree owing to the public schools. Another very striking result of the freedom and equality of the Boston public schools is observable in the very small proportion of beggars and ignorant people in that population. Go into the poorest and humblest quarters of the city, and you will find that a large majority can read and write; there is less squalor, less haggard want, less drunkenness, than in most other places of its size. The good effects of free schools become more and more apparent every year, as those who are taught in them grow up, and testify to their neighbours and companions how great a boon a substantial education really is.

In the public schools the sexes are separated. Sometimes the school building is divided, one side being devoted to girls, the other to boys: more often, however, they are taught in wholly separate buildings. The schools in which girls are taught are supplied by female teachers, having as their principal a married, and usually a middle-aged, man. The salary of the female teachers (who are usually from twenty to thirty years of age), is about 600 dollars (£120). That of the principal is more than double that amount. The boys are taught by teachers of their own sex, the ages of the latter varying from twenty-five to forty. The public school system is divided into three grades—the primary, where the scholars commence with the alphabet; the public schools proper, where they pursue the ordinary elementary branches of instruction; and the Latin

school, which is itself divided into two departments—one of instruction for those who are preparing for the university, and the other for the instruction of those who propose to enter, on leaving school, a mercantile career. A boy or girl of six enters the primary school, and stays there until he (or she) has learned to read, write, spell, and perform the most simple sums in arithmetic. He is promoted from class to class, at no stated period, but according as he progresses with his studies. When he has become fitted for the public school, he is sent there, and is admitted to the lowest class on the certificate of his primary teacher. Here he proceeds with the ordinary studies—geography, English grammar, arithmetic, reading, declaiming, and composition; and is promoted from room to room as rapidly as he becomes efficient in each department. In the higher classes he begins the Latin grammar, and takes his first lessons in astronomy, mental arithmetic, and history. In the Latin school he proceeds especially with those studies which are destined to fit him for the university, or, as the Americans say, "for college;" for the universities are called in general "colleges," whereas in England the word often designates the large schools preparatory to the universities. Especial attention is paid in the Latin school to the classics. The scholar goes through a very thorough drilling of the Latin and Greek grammars, recommencing them again and again, and he does not get rid of them until he has every rule of syntax and grammar at his fingers' ends. Meanwhile he has begun "Felton's Greek Reader," and "Andrew's Latin Reader," and in connection with the grammar, is digging out *Æsop's Fables*, and selections from the more easily constructed passages of Sallust and Cæsar. By-and-by he is set to the reading Sallust and Cæsar regularly, gradually works himself up to Virgil, out of which he has to prime himself in scanning, derivation, mythology, ancient geography, and translating; and at last he takes up a few books of Homer to finish off his preparation in Greek. He begins to write Latin exercises from "Arnold's Latin Prose Composition," to pursue arithmetic to the end of its elementary course, to proceed in algebra as far as quadratic equations, and to get well advanced in geometry. A boy usually occupies six or seven years in passing through the public and the Latin school. In the second department of the latter—that in which those are trained who intend to pursue a business career—the studies, of course, have a bearing on subjects useful for that purpose. Book-keeping, accounts, mathematics, economy, and kindred subjects are pursued.

At the end of this course of public schools, a boy may stand fully prepared, either to enter a first-class university, or the counting-house, without having expended a penny for instruction from first to last. For the poorer scholars provision has been made by the state, by which they do not incur the considerable expense which the purchase of text-books involves. A fund is devoted from the public treasury to an educational library; and the certificate of a parent, stating that he cannot afford to provide books for his child, is sufficient to give the latter the benefit of the library. The scholar, on entering his class, is supplied with a set of books which have been previously used by a boy or girl who has been promoted, and who has, therefore, finished the use of them; and he, in turn, as he advances to another class, transfers them to some one below him.

It need not be said that the Latin school is confined to the education of boys; for, although there exists already more than one large collegiate institution in America into which girls are admitted, and where they graduate with appropriate degrees, even the advanced public sentiment of Boston has not yet so far yielded to the claims of woman's-rights advocates, as to concede to the gentler sex a place in the schools preparatory to the university. Still, the girl's education is not usually considered as ended when she graduates from the public school. Very many, as may be conjectured, are sent "to finish off" at some fashionable boarding-school in the country, or to some select private school in the city. At the public school the range of studies has been confined to the simplest branches of instruction; the girl graduates from it a good reader, well up in her arithmetic, geography, grammar, and history, is a fair writer, and has acquired some practice in composition. Before, however, she can become the "accomplished young lady" which it is the ambition of her parents to see her, she must devote her attention to French and Italian, to botany and astronomy, geometry and general literature. Leaving the public schools at fourteen or fifteen, she emerges from the boarding or private school at seventeen or eighteen, her education as complete as it ever will be, and her school life done with for ever.

But for the poorer class of girls—who cannot afford the large prices demanded by the boarding and private schools—and for such others as, for a variety of reasons, wish to become teachers, or to pursue a more substantial course of study than the schools last spoken of are intended to provide, there is another institution in Massachusetts, well worthy of mention. This is the Normal School. Its object is to educate young women to be teachers; but, while this is its general aim, and the greater part of its pupils enter with that profession in view, the rule is not so stringently observed as to exclude all others from its benefits. Those girls who have won the highest scholastic rank at the public school, may, upon application, pursue the normal school course. That course occupies, according to the cleverness or diligence of the pupil, from two to four years. The studies taught have especial reference to the exercise of the profession which it is the intention of the greater portion to pursue. The scholars begin Latin and Greek in their first year, and advance further in these, and in higher mathematics, than do the boys of the Latin school; indeed, at the completion of the normal school course, the young women are usually as far advanced as those youths who have completed their first year at the university. It is perhaps not too much to say that a graduate of the Boston Normal School is almost necessarily a thoroughly educated woman. To her is to be intrusted the instruction of the "rising generation;" and every means—by repeated examinations, by thorough drilling in the recitation-room, by a critical attention to her taste as well as to her industry—all means are taken to make her in every respect fit for that important work. Besides, the fact itself of her entering the normal school, and thus evincing at once a taste for study and a determination to be useful to society, gives the best promise of her scholarship; and to those who thus have the will and the taste, the normal school is one of the most substantial of blessings. The instruction there, as well as in the public and Latin schools, is free; to those who pass the examinations

and complete the course prescribed, diplomas are awarded; and with a diploma from the normal school, a young lady candidate for a teacher's desk will not have to search for one long.

The male teachers of the Boston public schools are usually taken from among the more recent graduates of Harvard University at Cambridge, near Boston. When there are vacancies to fill, an examination is held under the supervision of the Superintendent of Public Schools, to which all who choose to become candidates are freely admitted. Although it is doubtless true that the School Board prefer university-bred teachers, the choice in all cases is decided by the result of the examination of the applicants. The best examination secures the best position, and so on, until each vacancy in turn is filled. I may remark, in passing, that a similar impartial mode of selecting teachers prevails throughout New England, in the rural districts as well as in the towns; and that it applies as well to female as to male teachers. The "School Committee," as the body supervising the schools is called, is elected annually by popular vote. The Superintendent is seldom changed, holding office "during good behaviour." He is the general executive officer of the whole system, and, as the system is well defined in the laws relating to it, the principal duty of the school committees in the various districts consists in occasionally visiting the schools, and in hearing the examinations, recommending any changes which they may deem necessary to the General Board, which is composed of the various committees acting together.

The punishments used to secure discipline in the Boston public schools appear to be growing milder each year. I have lately seen it stated that a measure, prohibiting under penalties the corporal punishment of female scholars in the public schools, has just passed the Massachusetts legislature. It is not perhaps well known in England, that in America the legislature of each state has complete control of its local institutions, and that schools are under state, and not national, authority. The Executive or Congress of the United States has not the least right whatever to make provisions for education, or indeed for any other matters than those affecting the rights and duties of the states, considered as a whole, or as a nation. Hence we find in almost every state a different school system, just as we find a different legal rate of interest and a different law of real estate. And this perfect independence of the states, as far as local affairs are concerned, has been attended with one serious educational disadvantage, among many educational advantages. Each state, through its legislature, may grant as many charters for universities as it pleases. The consequence is, that such charters have been very lavishly granted, especially in the West, without much regard to the character of the applicants or the standard of scholarship established, and the degrees of A.B. and A.M., of LL.D. and D.D. are rapidly becoming like a depreciated currency, so that those most worthy of them are fain to decline them. To return, however, to the punishments in the public schools. The old-fashioned "spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-child" practice of whipping the children may be said to have become almost or quite obsolete. Occasionally one hears of a case of flogging and extreme severity on the part of teachers; but such cases become more rare every day, and are met by public indignation. The birch stick is destined to disappear altogether, in no long time, from

its place on the teacher's desk. The only corporal punishment which may be said still to exist in the public schools is the ferrule, a flat mahogany ruler applied to the hands of refractory boys. The other punishments are "keeping in,"—which either deprives the scholar of the lesser or larger recess, or detains him after the close of school in the afternoon—reprimanding, sending the scholar home for the day in disgrace, dismissal from school, and reporting misconduct to the parents. Besides these, an account of the "credits" and "demerits" of each scholar is kept by the teachers, a "credit mark" being given for a good recitation, a "demerit" mark for whispering, or other transgression of the rules. These are cast up at the end of each month, and the scholars take rank according to the added sum of their "credits," the "demerits" of each scholar being subtracted from his "credits," and thus lowering his rank. Those who obtain a certain number of "merits" during the month have the satisfaction of carrying home to their parents a fancifully printed card, declaring that "Master ——" has merited the approbation of his teachers during the period mentioned. With what light hearts those bits of fancifully adorned paper, with their flourishes and allegorical pictures and teacher's autograph, are hastily carried homeward, and gleefully shown off, and carefully preserved in albums and treasure-drawers, many readers must know from their own school experiences. The writer has many such a one, he is glad to say, awarded by the public school of his early youth, stowed away among later relics, which bring to mind a host of heart-leapings and hurried home-runnings. Besides these lesser rewards, the annual "examination days" bring a very harvest of treasures—mostly books and silver medals—to the faithful workers of the year.

The "examination day" is the "commemoration" of the public schools. It is their gala day. The exercises consist of examinations by the committee—an awful body, whose very name is a terror to the scholars; then declamations, dialogues, composition reading, and the awarding of the prizes of the year. They take place in a large hall, crowded with the parents and friends of the boys and girls; for the latter, as well as the former, declaim and read compositions on the stage on the "examination day."

Excepting a week at Christmas, and an occasional holiday—on Easter Day, fourth of July (Independence Day), the 22nd of February (Washington's birthday), and on the good old Puritan festivity of Thanksgiving—the public schools are in session from the first of September to the first of July, the two months of July and August being taken as the "long vacation." The daily session of the schools begins at eight in summer, and nine in winter; at eleven there is a short recess of ten minutes; at twelve a long recess of two hours, to enable the scholars to go home to dinner; and the afternoon session lasts from two to four in winter, and to five in summer, another short recess of ten minutes intervening at three. On Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week, however, the schools are dismissed at twelve, thus giving the scholars two half-day holidays instead of the whole of Saturday.

I hope, in this brief account, to have given English readers at least a general and intelligible idea of the salient features of those public free schools which are considered, in America, as the least objectionable educational system yet put into operation upon that side of the Atlantic.

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DEAN MILMAN.



Henry Hart Milman

THE recent death of Dr. Milman, though in the fulness of years and honours, has confessedly left a deep void in letters and society, and elicited on every side widespread manifestations of regret. He belonged not only to his profession, but to the nation; he was almost the patriarch of English literature; he was the oldest and the greatest of the English historians of the day. He was "a link in the years;" he bound the present generation to the days of his great compeers in history and close personal friends, Hallam and Macaulay, and to the days of Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and, more remote still, the Lake poets. By those who did not know him he was regarded almost as a classic is regarded, and to those brought within his personal range he was one of the most conspicuous members of London society, a great intellectual leader. Ere the recollection of him had begun to grow dim with the general public, it is once more renewed by the publication of his "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral," a work of the most characteristic

description, and displaying much of the freshness and energy of his best days.

Henry Hart Milman was born in Brook Street, on the 10th of February, 1791. His father, Dr. Milman, was a fashionable physician, who used to attend George III.—eminent not only for skill, but for goodness of heart and suavity of manner. His mother had been a Miss Hart, whence he derived his second name. Sir Francis Milman—for he had been knighted—sent his son to Dr. Burney's school at Greenwich, which was at that time the most famous private school in the country. Thence he went to Eton, where his character stood high for industry and scholarship, and forms one of the traditions of that great school. It is a remarkable proof of his precocity, that while he was still an Eton boy he commenced his epic poem, "Samor, Lord of the Bright City." From Eton he proceeded to Brasenose College, Oxford. While he was there he may be said to have swept the University of its prizes. He

was so distinguished, that Earl Grenville, the Chancellor of the University, sent him, as he sent some others, a present of books, with a letter couched in the most flattering terms. The books and letter were always most carefully preserved. Through a long gradation of honours he passed to the first class and a fellowship at his college.

As an undergraduate he was noted for the composition of one of the most beautiful poems—on the “Apollo Belvidere”—that ever won the Newdegate prize. At Oxford he was infected by that Byronic fever which then was so universal among young men, and which has been so much satirised. The Byronic influence is very visible in his drama of “Fazio.” He was still a student, and had not taken orders, when he composed this tragedy. Without his leave it was surreptitiously brought upon the stage, and obtained considerable success. Later he brought out his three famous poems, “The Fall of Jerusalem,” “The Martyr of Antioch,” and “Belshazzar.” These were preceded by his poem of “Samor,” and followed by “Anne Boleyn.” In 1816 he received holy orders, and the very next year he received from the Lord Chancellor the living of St. Mary’s, Reading, which he held for many years. He retained his connection with the University, being *Select Preacher* in 1820, *Professor of Poetry* in 1821, and *Bampton Lecturer* in 1827. There are old men who speak of the intense interest and admiration excited in Oxford by the beautiful translation from classical authors, by which he enlivened the Latin lectures which he delivered according to statute. A year or two back the Dean collected and published many of these translations. He thus alludes to them in his preface:—“I have consigned my lectures with unaverted eyes to the flames. The translations, however, I was not quite so easily content to part with. They were heard at the time with much favour by many whose judgment stood high in the University; and I have met with some in later days (one especially, by whose brilliant and busy life such reminiscences, I should have supposed, would have been long and utterly effaced), who retained a vivid impression of the delight with which they had heard them in their youth. To these, few I fear, as to myself, they may be welcome as pleasant voices from days long gone by.” We believe the above reference alludes to the present premier, Mr. Gladstone. It was here also that he read portions of those translations from the Sanscrit, which were afterwards published under the title of “Nala and Damayanti, and other Poems.” In the short administration of Sir Robert Peel in 1835, Mr. Milman was appointed to the living of St. Margaret’s, Westminster, a laborious parish not best suited for a student, to which a canonry in Westminster Abbey was annexed. In 1849 he was appointed by Lord John (Earl) Russell on the death of Bishop Coplestone, to the Deanery of St. Paul’s.

We will first speak of Dean Milman as a poet, for, as we have seen, it was in poetry he won his first laurels. Of all his poetry, he will chiefly be remembered by his three sacred dramas; and in respect to these sacred dramas he will chiefly be remembered by a few hymns, which will be a lasting and precious legacy for the Christian Church. These hymns are of the highest lyrical merit, and glitter with a gentle radiance of their own, amidst the stately and musical versification of the dramas. Yet it can hardly be said that Milman satisfied the expectations that had been formed of him as a poet.

His poems were of acknowledged beauty, and they were also regarded as full of promise, but the accomplishment of the promise never came. Coleridge once said that the Fall of Jerusalem was the only subject that remained for an epic poem. Milman wrote such a poem, which was said by the friendly “Quarterly Review” to be safe for as much of immortality as it is in the power of the English language to confer, but which is certainly not the poem which Coleridge contemplated.

Yet the “Fall of Jerusalem” is a noble drama, the most popular, and deservedly the most popular, of all his dramas. It was the earliest, and it was unsurpassed. Many passages of surpassing excellence might easily be culled. The apostrophe to Jerusalem by Titus has as much beauty as historical verity:

“How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o’er line,
Terrace o’er terrace, nearer still and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
Here towers of war that frown in massy strength;
While over all hangs the rich, cheerful eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle dust and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of Heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs;
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.”

And then again such lines as these—

“It little matters at what time o’ the day
The righteous falls asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely who has learned to die.
The less of this brief life, the more of heaven;
The shorter time, the longer immortality.”

Those also are fine lyrics:—“I see it now, the sad, the coming hour,” and that magnificent concluding hymn,—

“Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
Oh Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
The secret coming of the Son of Man.”

But though the “Fall of Jerusalem” is Milman’s finest poem on the whole, there are yet finer lyrics in his other poems. Such is that beautiful Litany, beginning, “When our heads are bowed with woe,” or the hymn of the unhappy parents in “Belshazzar,”—

“O Thou that wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor heap fresh ashes on the mourner’s brow,
Nor rend anew the wounds that only bleed—
The only balm of our afflictions Thou,
Teach us to bear thy chastening wrath, O God!
To kiss with quivering lips—still humbly kiss thy rod!”

And above all, that exquisitely touching “Funeral Hymn,”—

“Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy sacred soul is flown.”

These touching melodies are recollected where his learned works are not even known, and by these the name of Milman will be principally remembered by the great mass of his countrymen and countrywomen.

Mr. Milman fully sustained as a scholar the early fame which he acquired at Eton and Oxford. He did not apparently enter much into the niceties of critical scholarship, but he always had an enthusiastic appreciation of the broad general culture of the classics. A sumptuous edition of "Horace" was edited by him, with a very full life of Horace prefixed. Only a year or two ago he published a translation of the great and difficult Greek tragedy, "The Agamemnon of Æschylus," with other translations, including a set of passages from the classics, which he had made when Professor at Oxford. The annotation is uniformly interesting. He sometimes puts into his translations more beauty than is to be found in the original. He expresses, however, an opinion which has caused us some surprise, to the effect that the Greek mourning epitaphs have a greater beauty than the epitaphs of the Christian Church. We have some epitaphs which, on literary grounds, are as famous as any of the Greek. But in Christian epitaphs literary ability is rarely so admissible as in the classical era, and the simplest village tombstone that records a living faith in "the Resurrection and the Life" has a real pathos and beauty unattainable by heathen writers.

As a theologian, Dr. Milman hardly took any rank. With the exception of his "Bampton Lectures" we only know of one sermon that he published. Nearly everything he has written may be read without the suspicion that their author was a clergyman. The "History of the Jews" has a theological character beyond his other works. It is the first of a series. It was followed by "The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire." This was followed by the "Latin Christianity." His posthumous "Annals of St. Paul's" may be said to be a ramification from this last work, and, in one point of view, a sequel. We must now wait for a great historian who will do for Teutonic Christianity what Milman has done for Latin Christianity.

Of this series of works, the first is the only one that has a directly theological character. For the most part it is simple enough—a paraphrase, uncritical paraphrase, of Old Testament narrative. It was written, we believe, at the suggestion of Mr. Murray, who thought that such volumes would appropriately find a place in his Family Library. But also it gave introduction to the ordinary English reading public of the negative and destructive theological criticism of Germany. Such a work naturally gave great pain to many Christian minds. The passages in which he attempted to explain away the miraculous in the passage of the Red Sea, and in the manna in the wilderness, needlessly brought uncertainty and doubt to many students.

Of his next work, "The History of Christianity under the Empire," it has been said by Dean Stanley that "it touched some of the tenderest points of the theological mind of Englishmen." But what Comte calls "a conspiracy of silence" seemed to exist against the work. It was a saying of Lord Melbourne's, "that there must have been a general assembly of all the clergy in the kingdom in which they had bound themselves by a solemn compact never to mention the book

to any human being." The method of silence is sometimes not the worst way of meeting error.

Next we come to Dean Milman's ablest and largest work, the "Latin Christianity." In great measure he had prepared himself by his carefully-annotated edition of the works of Gibbon. We think that the influence of Gibbon, and a shadowy resemblance to his style, is to be traced throughout the work. Formerly it had been a reproach against us that there was no English ecclesiastical history save Gibbon's worthy of the name. Milman himself endorsed this reproach. Having in his preface enumerated a long roll of continental writers, he asks, "Where, alas! are the English historians of those times?" In a note to his introduction—an introduction as brief as it is valuable, and which should be mastered by all—he says: "It is obvious that I use Christianity, and, indeed, Teutonic Christianity, in its most comprehensive significance, from national episcopal churches, like that of England, which aspires to maintain the doctrines and organisation of the apostolic or immediately post-apostolic ages, onward to that dubious and indefinable verge where Christianity melts into a high moral theism, a faith that would expand to purer spirituality with less distinct dogmatic system; or that which would hardly call itself more than a Christian philosophy—a religious Rationalism. I presume not, neither is it the office of the historian, to limit the blessings of our religion, either in this world or the world to come; 'there is One who will know his own.' As an historian, I can disfranchise none who claim, even on the slightest grounds, the privileges and hopes of Christianity; repudiate none who do not place themselves without the pale of believers and worshippers of Christ, or of God through Christ." Such a passage as this illustrates both the strength and the weakness of Dean Milman's system. We recognise his breadth and catholicity. We see also how that breadth and catholicity degenerate into latitudinarianism. It is right to recognise as Christians all whose Christianity is so vague and impalpable that it melts into a "high moral theism!"

The style of the "Latin Christianity" is not a popular style. We have heard with regret that the publisher thought it expedient to impress upon the author the necessity of compressing his greatest work. Perhaps this is the reason that something of a falling-off may be detected in the last volume. It is pre-eminently a serene, calm, passionless style. The tone is scrupulously moderate, vigorously impartial, but very often wanting in light and warmth. But any one who studies the work carefully, verifying the notes where practicable, and making some acquaintance with cognate literature, will find the limits of his knowledge wonderfully increased, and will own that he has made a great intellectual advance. It will be perceived how accurate and classical, almost to fastidiousness, is the language, how entire is the freedom from weakness or tautology either in word or expression, how massive and manly is the style, how multiform and varied is the erudition, and how skilfully and harmoniously all the different elements are fused into a whole.

Dr. Milman, as Dean of St. Paul's, was one of the most conspicuous members of London society. He occupied the position which suited him best, and for which he was best adapted, a position of emolument and dignity in his profession, and affording learned leisure for his great literary undertaking. It is

believed that there was only one other post in the church which he would have preferred, the deanery of that other metropolitan cathedral, under whose shadow he had so long dwelt, which fell to his "dear friend," as he calls him, Dr. Stanley. He was a man easily recognised, and once seen never forgotten. The form was bent by age, but the head was grand; the eyes beneath the massive brows brilliant with unabated fires, the mouth with an expression of sweetness and a sense of humour, and his voice when he read the prayers in the crowded nave of his cathedral, to the last deep and musical. One of his latest appearances in public was when he read a paper before a Church Commission on the subject of subscription to the Articles. "I am an old man," he concluded, with touching emphasis, "and fully sensible to the blessings of a quiet life. Still I am bound not to disguise or suppress my judgment. All my life I have kept aloof from party, and this is no party move. *Liberavi animam meam.*" This speech made a great impression. "Never," said the Dean of Ely, "had I a higher intellectual gratification than in hearing that noble old man expound his view before us." Another very remarkable appearance which he made was in 1865, in the university pulpit of St. Mary's. Otherwise the Dean seems to have made a point of never preaching out of his own cathedral. In 1867 he worthily took the chair at the dinner of the Literary Club, a most affecting occasion, when it was instinctively felt how well the place became him, and that he was, as it were, among those present, as a figure standing out from the past.

A few words should be added on his last work, "The Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral," edited by his son, Mr. Arthur Milman. It was completed by the author, with the exception of a few pages on the present aspect and intended decoration of the cathedral, which have been supplied by the editor, from his father's rough notes, and was designed as a companion volume to Dean Stanley's "Westminster Abbey." The chief hero is Sir Christopher Wren, to the vindication of whose memory Dr. Milman devotes himself with almost passionate fondness. This work will probably prove more generally popular than any other which he has written. There are some pleasant autobiographic passages, as when he speaks of good Bishop Porteous, the friend of Hannah More: "Porteous had one remarkable gift, to which, singularly enough, I can bear witness—a voice the tone of which, even now, after a lapse of nearly seventy years, dwells in my remembrance. When I was a boy, my father had a house at Fulham, and though the words have long passed away, the ineffaceable memory of Porteous's tones has never passed away. Passed, perhaps, immediately away, I hear them now in the pulpit, and in those kind and gentle words with which he addressed a boy."

It will be interesting to quote, with some abridgment, from the Dean's account of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington:—

"It is somewhat remarkable that I, who, as an undistinguished boy, witnessed the burial of Lord Nelson, should officiate, as Dean of St. Paul's, on the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

"The funeral of the Duke of Wellington lives in the memory of most of the present generation. Nothing could be more impressive than the sad, silent reverence of the whole people of London, of all

orders and classes, as the procession passed through the streets.

"The scene under the dome was in the highest degree impressive. The two Houses of Parliament assembled in full numbers. . . . The chief mourner was, of course, the Duke of Wellington, with the Prince Consort and others of the Royal family. The service was the simple burial service of the Church of England, with the fine music now wedded to that service.

"The prayers and lessons were read by the Dean. And here must be a final tribute to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren. Of all architects, Wren alone, either from intuition or from philosophic discernment, has penetrated the abstruse mysteries of acoustics, has struck out the laws of the propagation of sounds. I have been assured, on the highest musical authority, that there is no building in Europe equal for sound to St. Paul's. My voice was accordingly heard distinctly in every part of the building, up to the western gallery, by the many thousands present, though the whole was deadened by walls of heavy black cloth which lined every part. Nothing could be imagined more solemn than the responses of all the thousands present, who repeated, as had been suggested, the words of the Lord's Prayer. It fulfilled the sublime biblical phrase, 'Like the roar of many waters,' only that it was clear and distinct; the sad combined prayer, as it were, of the whole nation.

"The gradual disappearance of the coffin, as it slowly sunk in the vault below, was a sight which will hardly pass away from the memory of those who witnessed it.

"And so, not by his side, but in his own alcove in the chapel prepared in his honour, rested with Nelson, he who, as Nelson closed the naval triumphs, closed, over a far mightier adversary, the military campaigns of the great European wars."

It will be seen that this passage has an autobiographic value. Dean Stanley says, "How those present will remember the deep, distinct, understanding tones of the sonorous voice which on that occasion rose, swelled, and spread through the vast building, thrilling all the thousands present."

As years drew on, a partial deafness seemed the single infirmity that affected the Dean. It was his habit to spend a few summer months in some quiet country retreat with his family and a few attached friends. Year after year he looked forward with unceasing pleasure and anxiety to this season of country retirement. He had been spending some time at Sunninghill, occupying himself with the revision of the proof-sheets of his work on "St. Paul's Cathedral." His mind was as eager and active as ever, and he was contemplating still further literary work when that on which he was occupied should have been completed. Then the end came at last. He was attacked by dangerous illness towards the end of last August. Within less than a month a statement appeared in the public journals that he was better; but the day after came the announcement of his death. He was laid in a crypt of that great modern cathedral which he served so long, and had loved so much, and to which his last laborious days were devoted.

ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

At the end of July, 1868, I arrived at Visp, in the Rhone Valley, with my guides, Hans Baumann, and

Peter Bernett, of Gruidelwald, intending the next day to go to Zermatt and try the ascent of the Matterhorn. That night a tremendous storm powdered all the mountains with fresh snow, while I heard that a Mr. Elliot had, the day before, made the first ascent from Zermatt since the accident. I therefore resolved to make a small detour to give the snow time to melt, and from the Mischabel Joch had the pleasure of seeing that it was fast going. However, a seventeen hours' walk demanded a day of rest, and, of course, I did not wish to start on Sunday, so waited till Monday, August 3, and was rewarded by finding the fresh snow wholly melted.

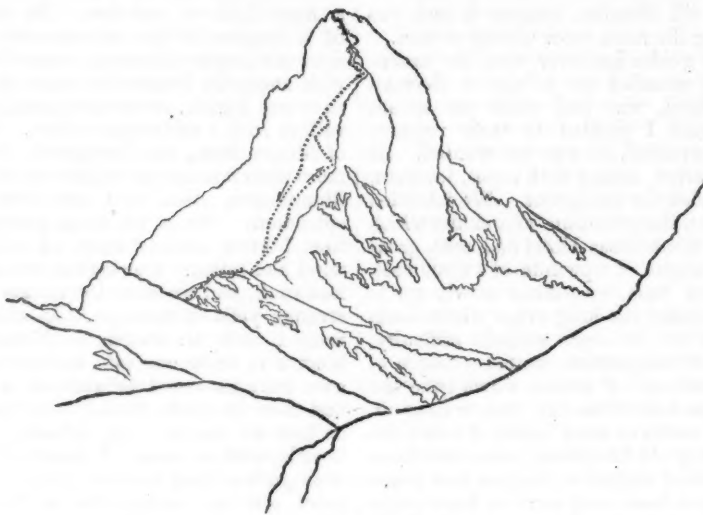
As neither of my guides had ever seen the mountain before, they persuaded me to take a Zermatt guide, named Knübel, who had made the ascent with Mr. Elliot, and I yielded to their request, though, as I had expected, he was not wanted. At eight o'clock we started, armed with ropes, ice-axes, provisions, etc., needed for the ascent. We intended to sleep that night on the mountain, at a chalet which the landlord of the Monte Rosa Hotel had, with great spirit, built, at a height of upwards of 12,000 feet. As we had plenty of time, we walked slowly up to the Hornli, and ascended the long ridge which leads from it to the foot of the *arete* without difficulty, and here, at Knübel's suggestion, waited a couple of hours, to give the showers of stones, which rake the mountain's face in the heat of the day, time to clear off. But when we were ready to start again, I found the difference between my old Oberland guides and those of Zermatt, for Knübel suggested that, as first guide (a title I should have been very sorry to have given him), he must not have too much to carry. As I did not choose to shift his burden on to the other guides, I took, in spite of their remonstrances, all the ropes from him, of which there were about 200 feet, and carried them myself. A small snow ridge brought us to the beginning of the *arete* and to our first difficulty, for the rocks proved extremely steep at this point, and Knübel was unable to get on them without a good shove from me. My long legs and arms however, stood me in good stead, and I got up without his help. The rocks above proved impracticable, and winding round them to the eastern face of the mountain we found our further progress must be effected by the narrow edge of the glacier where it joined the rocks. This was a mere knife edge separated from the rocks by a chasm varying from four inches to four feet in width. Up this we cut steps, balancing as best we could, and creeping most carefully, as it would not have done to have slipped, the ice falling with fearful steepness for a great distance. After half an hour of this work we were very glad to take again to the rocks, though they were very steep and sometimes rotten. Still they presented no real difficulty till we reached the spot where the chalet stood, about ten feet above us. The ascent of this smooth slab of rock puzzled Knübel, and Baumann had to show him the way up. About five o'clock we entered the chalet, and after a few minutes given to the view, I cut my way across a steep ice slope in front of the chalet to a point from which I could sketch the hut. The cold wind which had sprung up cut this short, and I returned to help the men to make all comfortable for the night. During the ascent we had amused ourselves in watching the Prince de Joinville's party descending Monte Rosa, and now found occupation, while eating our supper, in watching parties ascending to the hut on the Theo-

dule far below us, that they might have a view of us on the morrow. Soon, however, the wind, surging in wild gusts, and sounding a mournful dirge on the vast Æolian harp presented by the ridge on which we were sitting, reduced the temperature to freezing point, and our hopes in proportion, as in such a gale it would be impossible to start in the morning. As I sat in sulky dignity at the door of the hut, wrapped in a rug, and watching the fire, Baumann suddenly called out, "Look, sir, look," and turning round, I saw on the highest peak of Monte Rosa a huge ball of red fire. My first thought was of a bonfire lit by adventurous travellers, but I soon saw it was the moon, whose brilliant rays lit up with unearthly beauty the peaks all around us, while, as it rose higher, it cast their shadows down the deep valleys with a most weird effect. The snowy masses of Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, Breithorn, with the more distant peaks of the Mischabel-horner, under this illumination stood cold and silent in most chilling splendour. While we stood gazing in rapt admiration, I know not how long, we suddenly noticed the wind had fallen. Our spirits rose as rapidly as they had sunk, and we woke the silence of the night with strange yells of triumph. At nine o'clock, as arranged with M. Seiler, in Zermatt, we lighted a bonfire to show our safe arrival at this point, and soon were answered by another in the valley below, and then we gladly turned into the hut to court sleep as best we might. For myself, I do not find deal boards, with a couple of inches of straw over them, with guides lying so close that there is not room to move, and the temperature at freezing point, particularly conducive to repose, and I passed the night listening to the sighing wind, the roar of the distant avalanches and waterfalls, and—pardon the bathos—the snoring of the guides, whose sound sleep I much envied.

A little before three we roused up, and after performing my morning toilet with icicles by way of soap and water, made the best breakfast we could, got everything in readiness for the work before us, and then stood shivering till it was light enough to proceed, and at four started. First we crossed the ice-slope in front of the hut, and then attacked the rocks. These were very steep, but gave good hand-hold, and up we went at a tremendous pace, Baumann saying our success depended on our being up early. It was a regular neck-or-nothing race, only occasionally interrupted by a startled cry of warning as some one displaced a huge mass of stone, which went rattling down below in a very suggestive manner. With the exception of one chimney, where backs and knees had to be brought into play, all was fair climbing, and we soon reached the Elbow, where the rocks on our side seemed to overhang, and it was necessary to cross to the northern face. Here we halted for a few minutes to pack away all that could be left behind, and to put on the ropes, with a good forty feet between each man. Knübel led, Baumann followed, then myself, and Bernett brought up the rear; but while we were waiting, we became most unpleasantly aware that the wind was rising, and the snow was blown over the ridge in cutting showers. Hitherto we had been well sheltered, but now should be exposed to its full power, and our only hope was to reach the summit before the gale should be too fierce to allow further progress. Knübel, indeed, dropped a hint of retreating, but found no one to second it. Another minute and we were off

again, and, climbing the Elbow, crossed on to the northern face, and proceeded not far from the spot where the fatal accident occurred. For about 100 yards we crossed the precipice towards this point, seeing far below us the glacier on which our hapless predecessors had fallen; and with every care to avoid following their example, we could not avoid displacing a few stones, which went rattling down till, with one last wild plunge, they bounded down to the glacier

cottage, leading to the summit. Every step took us in over our knees, and the whole mass seemed to have no consistency. With our goal so near we made light of this, and literally ran up till we reached the long ridge which forms the summit. Along this ridge we crept more carefully, as it was very narrow, and overhung the other side in a treacherous cornice; and at half-past six, to our most unbounded delight, we stood on the "Hochste Spitze" of the Matterhorn,



SKETCH MAP OF THE ROUTE OF ASCENT.

4,000 feet below. This was nervous work to all, clinging to edges scarcely an inch in breadth, and we gladly turned and struck straight up what I have called the cottage wall, the top of the mountain bearing that resemblance. Never before have I climbed such steep and fearful precipices, and again my length of arm and leg gave me such advantages as called for complimentary chaff from Baumann. Those who want to get a good idea of this sort of work may try climbing an old somewhat rotten stone wall, but to complete it they must fancy it towering a thousand feet above them, with 4,000 feet of precipice below. Fortunately, the holding was good. In spite of the rule that only one should move at a time, we got on with unexpected speed. Indeed, it was impossible to stand still long, as the wind seemed to cut right through us, and we were much afraid of frost-bite. Baumann usually shoved Knübel up, then followed himself, and stood still, ready to help with the rope, while with a dash I climbed up till I stood by his side.

As the holding was so good, little help was necessary. The great danger was from the falling stones, which showered down, giving way most unpleasantly as we grasped at them in our agonising efforts to ascend. At length snow began to lie between the rocks, and more care than ever was needed, as it was difficult to tell on what you were standing. Once a few steps had to be cut on a rock glazed with ice, and as they could give but little foot-hold, and hand-hold was out of the question, it was a fine piece of exercise in the difficult art of "holding on by your eyelids." These difficulties overcome, there was a long slope of powdery snow on the roof of the

which we had not expected to reach for hours. Here, balancing ourselves as well as we could, we shouted in triumph till we were hoarse, and then gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the view, which was unbounded in every direction, though a mass of fleecy clouds obscured the plains of Italy.

The Matterhorn can be seen from everywhere, and it seemed as if everywhere could be seen from the Matterhorn. It would be in vain to try to describe it, but the beauty of the Monte Rosa range I shall never forget. At our feet lay Zermatt, so close that it seemed as if we could drop a snowball down the chimneys of the hotel. In the extreme distance Mont Blanc maintained his character as "monarch of mountains," towering over the intermediate peaks, while with joyful shouts my guides pointed out the well-known giants of the Oberland. It was a view which required hours to see, and columns to describe. But standing up to your knees in snow, leaning against a cornice which threatened every moment to give way to the furious gusts of wind, which seemed to blow through joints and marrow, freezing you as it passed, and screaming as in anger at our presumption, is not conducive to thorough enjoyment of scenery; and after ten minutes my guides' blue faces and Knübel's chattering teeth (chattering, I verily believe, as much with fear as cold), induced me to yield to their entreaties and give the word to descend. One pull at the brandy-flask, and one last shout, and we left the spot it had cost us so much trouble to reach, and began our descent in the opposite order we had used in ascending. Baumann acted as our sheet-anchor in all difficulties, and took the whole arrangements of our movements.

On reaching the steep snow-slope we carefully descended backwards, one moving at a time, and seldom have I tried such anxious work. The cold wind had reduced the snow to a kind of flour, and hurled it in our faces in blinding showers, while at every step we sunk in up to our thighs, and the ice-axe passed through up to the head without gaining any hold. We were painfully aware that the least slip would probably be fatal, but felt too that we were generally standing on nothing in particular, with nothing to hold to, and the slightest jerk to the rope threatened to upset your balance altogether. Very glad were we all to reach the steep wall of rocks, down which we proceeded to climb as best we could. As Bennett descended I kept a tight hold on the rope, paying him out step by step, Baumann in the meantime holding me by my rope, and then when Bennett had found a place where he was firm, I descended in the same manner. It was awfully steep, and you could rarely see where your feet were going, but clinging by your hands, lowered yourself to a position where you too could find standing-room. Our hands were rapidly becoming numbed, and could hardly feel the rocks they clung to, while at every step you looked down between your legs to the glacier below. Great care brought us down in safety, and we regained our knapsacks, got into shelter from the wind, and sat down for some refreshment. The rest of the descent to the cabin was easy, but we found it had taken three hours and a half to descend what we had climbed in two hours and a half. Here, too, I found one of my fingers slightly frost-bitten, but it passed off without doing much mischief. At the cabin we rested an hour, and watched with dismay the showers of stones the wind kept sending down. Frequently the whole face of the mountain was clouded with the dust they raised. We saw, too, that we were only just in time, as the wind was every moment increasing in violence, and the upper part of the mountain was now wrapped in clouds. We congratulated ourselves on our success, and started again in great spirits, and tore down the rocks in the most reckless way, chaffing one another at every difficulty, and scattering the loose stones right and left. Our work was now done, and at half-past three we entered the hotel and received the noisy congratulations of our friends, who had watched us from below, and lastly enjoyed our dinners and comfortable beds as only mountaineers can.

G. E. F., JUN.

THE RAILWAY CLEARING HOUSE.

THE Railway Clearing House, says a recent writer in the "Times," in thirty-five years has grown into one of the most vast and extensive institutions of its kind in the world, and yearly receives and dispenses a greater revenue than that of many kingdoms. Neither the War Office, Colonial Office, nor the Admiralty gets through more work in the year than is accomplished by this plain, unpretending-looking Clearing House in Seymour Street, Euston Road. Unlike those great public offices, too, the Clearing House enjoys the rare felicity of balancing its accounts, though they amount yearly to some twelve millions sterling, to almost the fraction of a farthing. There is never a surplus and there is never a deficiency. All the incomings and outgoings are balanced every month, and every pound, shilling, and penny of the vast sums can be accounted for. All this is done,

too, with very little cost, by one able chief manager, by four chief clerks, and about nine hundred subordinate clerks; and this staff at the very minimum of cost discharges duties without the proper performance of which our whole railway system would become at least, if not an evil, a most unmitigated nuisance and bungle. It is almost difficult to guess at the staff and the cost of the staff which a Government department would require to do the same work.

What has always been desired by theorists—namely, one vast, amalgamated, general railway system, has been virtually brought about by the labours of this Clearing House, with this difference—that as each line has its representative on the Clearing House Committee, each member looks after the interests of the line from which he is accredited with a vigilance which no merely central Board could ever do. In fact, a central Board would be nothing but a gigantic monopoly, full of prejudice and hostilities, and without much motive to either economy or efficiency. In such a case the division of labour becomes the only element of success. The lines being distributed among a number of proprietaries, the energy of different Boards of Directors, the watchfulness of the various bodies of shareholders, and the wholesome emulation between the companies, are all brought to bear through the Clearing House on the successful working of the lines, and the public derive the benefit of a through system of booking, as if there were only one railway company and one set of shareholders throughout the kingdom.

The plan of the Clearing House is simple. It may be said to represent the combined interests of the railway companies united in a voluntary association under the provisions of an Act of Parliament. No company is obliged to join it unless it chooses, and any company can withdraw from its association at a brief notice. Practically, however, this permission to withdraw is of small avail, for no company can really conduct its business without the assistance of the Clearing House. The association has no legal power beyond that of suing and being sued in its own name, and that of having all disputed claims between railways referred to the arbitration of its committee, whose decision is final, and against whom there is no appeal. The object of the institution is, of course, to make out and settle the accounts of the different railway companies one with each other, so as to afford to the traffic of the whole kingdom the facility of "through booking," as if there were only one railway company in the kingdom and one proprietary. Without this, through booking would be out of the question if each company had to settle its accounts with every other company with which it exchanged traffic. It is this desideratum which the Clearing House supplies of adjusting mutual obligations in a ready, quick, and economical manner. At the end of each month, instead of having to pay enormous sums to each other according to their respective shares of traffic, the accounts are settled by the payment of comparatively small balances. Thus, let us say the London and North-Western send their through passengers over the Caledonian line, and the mileage charged for their "foreign carriages," as they are called, is settled at three-farthings per mile. At the end of a month the bill for mileage against the North-Western will amount, say, to £5,000; but, on the other hand, there is a *per contra* in the form of mileage against the Caledonian, which has also been sending carriages and passengers

over the London and North-Western, and both accounts go to the Clearing House. In the aggregate they may amount to £15,000 or £20,000, yet the set-off of one against the other often leaves as little as £10 or £20 to settle the account. This balancing of accounts at the Clearing House is made monthly, quarterly, and yearly, and no perceptible discrepancy in the vast balance-sheets has ever been detected.

Another great good which has arisen from the establishment of the Railway Clearing House has been in the through booking of parcels and goods. The figures here become gigantic. The stations are worked in pairs. Thus there is one pair of stations between London and Aberdeen, another between London and Edinburgh, another between Birmingham and Liverpool, and so on. Of these pairs of stations there are actually more than a hundred thousand which adopt in one form or other the through booking system, and send their monthly accounts to the Clearing House. 78,354 book goods and cattle through, 18,514 book passengers through, and 34,349 book parcels through. These, of course, however, are only the pairs of stations in which London would appear as the starting-point of many thousand pairs. The actual number of individual stations which adopt this plan are,—for goods and cattle, 4,790; for passengers, 2,689; for parcels, 3,041. In reality, however, the facilities which they offer by the stations with which they are in pairs brings up the number to the enormous total we have stated.

The parcel traffic has undoubtedly been much interfered with by the Post-office. But the railway system has this advantage, that when a parcel is lost it is always paid for, whereas no one ever gets any return, either in money or consolation, from the Post-office. What the goods and luggage traffic of the united lines must be, may be guessed by the fact that last year the number of articles accounted for to the Clearing House by the stations, as left by passengers either in carriages or on platforms, amounted to the immense number of 156,769 trunks, bags, and parcels. Of these nearly 95 per cent. were restored through the Clearing House to their owners. The method adopted for the recovery of lost luggage is very simple. A descriptive return of each article gone astray is sent daily from the stations to the Clearing House, and all answering the description of the property inquired after is sent up for inspection to London, and in this way almost all the property reaches its owner's hands. What is the aggregate value of these 156,000 packages thus annually restored it is impossible to say, for they nearly all consist of locked portmanteaus, dressing-bags, carpet-bags, trunks, and goods parcels; but we think we are making a very moderate estimate if we put their united values at half a million sterling.

Another great improvement which the Clearing House has introduced has been the plan of charging demurrage on railway carriages, vans, and waggons when sent over other lines and not returned. To enable them to do this effectually, the Clearing House has more than 300 trusted servants at all the principal junctions and stations in the kingdom. These note the arrival of every wagon and carriage belonging to other companies and note its return. Thus, if a party take an entire first-class carriage from Euston to Edinburgh, as is frequently the case, the Scotch railway is bound to return it to Euston at once, whether full or empty. If it is not sent back a demurrage of ten shillings a day is charged against

the company retaining it, and so on down to second and third class carriages and to waggons, which are only charged three shillings a day. Last year the number of days charged on demurrage was only 353,943, or a falling-off of more than 33 per cent. as compared with the previous year. This immense reduction is attributable to the great commercial depression of the year. The detention of a day, or less, beyond the time stipulated by the agreements is noted down and charged against the offending company, and the sum total of all these periods for demurrage charged by the Clearing House would, if added up, in the aggregate amount to nearly 12,000 years. Until this system of demurrage was brought into force, foreign companies—that is, companies to which the carriages did not belong—used to detain them for weeks and months, till they were sometimes lost sight of altogether. For all these carriages, as we have shown, both a mileage and demurrage rate is now charged, as is also the case with the sheets or tarpaulins with which the goods are covered. Thus, in 1866 the amount of stock sent by companies on to other companies' lines was no less than 2,132,634 waggons, or a number of waggons very nearly equal to the population of all Scotland. The number of tarpaulin sheets sent about was 1,036,358, and the number of carriages and vans 367,953. In 1867 the total gross receipts of the Clearing House were upwards of 11 millions. In 1857 it was only £5,700,000, and in 1847 only £800,000. The enormous total of 1867 was thus made up:—In goods, minerals, and other traffic, £7,830,750; in passengers, £2,697,212; and in parcels, £550,322. These figures, however, stupendous as they are, show a falling-off in the use by one company of another's rolling stock. At one time the figures under all heads were much greater. This has arisen from the various companies themselves being much better and more numerously appointed with rolling stock.

The Clearing House when established in 1842 was not received with very particular favour. Three years after its institution there were only 16 companies on its books. Ten years later there were 73. Now its books include almost all the lines of importance in the kingdom, and some of the lines of steamboats also. The total mileage of lines under the jurisdiction of the Clearing House now amounts to 13,000 miles. Over this great length the House exercises a complete surveillance on every train that passes up or down, night or day; goods, minerals, and passengers, all alike come under its notice, and, as far as regulating the various interests of the various companies, come under its charge also. Thus the mileage for which charges were made through the House for the year 1867 came in the aggregate to the stupendous amount of 269,213,158 miles. In 1847 the gross receipts were only £793,701; in 1868 they were £11,078,284. But whatever the mileage or area over which the Clearing House exercises its jurisdiction, the simplicity of its management is the most astonishing of all. The balance-sheet, as we have said, is made from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, without deficit or surplusage, and every penny in the books represents nearly a shilling's worth of convenience to the public. Our whole railway system would be as nothing without the Clearing House, which affords another illustration of the value of combination in commercial affairs.

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